

Lo Último ReuniÃ³n (The Final Reunion)

by Optronix Prime

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Summary: I just started watching Transformers: RID as I just discovered its on Netflix. I couldn't help but wonder just how much time has passed since Team Prime left and Bumblebee's return. It's unknown, but I think it's been quite a long time, in human years, anyway. Thoughts? Leave a comment! I'd love to discuss with you.

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Lo Último ReuniÃ³n (The Final Reunion)

Disclaimer: I don't own Transformers.

It had been a long day. The sun was low in the sky now and was slow to set. The wind sent a chill through them as they drove. Tangerine to scarlet, rose to a pale, cotton candy pink, then finally to a deep, dark gold. Bumblebee drove quietly through the desert with his teammates. Sideswipe rode ahead of him, zig-zagging between the two lanes. Strongarm was behind him lugging Grimlock. His tarp was flapping violently in the wind. Bee could see Grimlock clutching to it in his side view mirror. It was a beautiful night, but they were all exhausted; two different fights with Decepticons, one of which had banged them all up pretty badly. Fixit was going to have a field day with them.

"Bee, where are we?" Sideswipe had slowed down so he was parallel to him. Bumblebee slowed too as they entered a destroyed looking city. Rubble was everywhere. Many buildings were dilapidated, rusted, or just plain gone. Russell pressed his face against the passenger window, looking out of Bee.

"I wonder what happened to it," he asked aloud. Denny shrugged.

"I dunno. I think I woulda heard if something like this would have happened." Sideswipe transformed, looking around.

"It looks like a bomb went off here or something," he stated aloud.

Strongarm stopped and transformed.

"According to my scans, we're in the little town of Jasper in Nevada." Russell and Denny stepped out of Bumblebee, looking around. Bumblebee transformed his wings low.

"Bee, you okay?" Russell looked up at the yellow mech, his optics burning gold in the fading sun. They looked so sad.

"This... This was our fault." His voice was hardly a whisper, his throat thick. A tumbleweed blew passed Sideswipe as Grimlock transformed and stepped off his trailer.

"What do you mean 'this was our fault?'" Strongarm asked. "We've never been here before."

"Not us," Bee replied, stepping away to look around at the dusty damage. He knelt and picked up a fallen sign for a KO Burger. Bumblebee's smile looked painful.

"'KO Burger, where every patty's a knockout.'" It sounded like he was reciting from a long forgotten memory. A long, sad smile graced his face.

"Back when Megatron was still alive and the Decepticons had a purpose, this was one of our major battles. Our original base was a military silo granted to us by the U.S. Government just outside of Jasper. To keep the story short, a lot of stuff happened in between, but the worst of it was when the constructed Darkmount, their city-fortress here in Jasper. Soundwave had discovered the location of our base and had used a SpaceBridge to...well its complicated. Anyway, Optimus sent us all in our separate ways with our companions, destroyed our GroundBridge, and nearly perished. Megatron terrorized the country until Ultra Magnus came to Earth and led us. We eventually destroyed Darkmount, but the city...it never recovered." Bee's shoulders were as low as his wings; optics brimmed with suffering and sadness. No one said anything for a few minutes.

"What do you mean by 'companions'?" Sideswipe asked curiously. Bee's smile lifted a little.

"Arcee was accidentally discovered by a human teenager. In the mist of battle, another boy saw Arcee and me. Optimus demanded we get them and bring them back to base for their own safety. In the process, another girl saw us and we brought her along." Bumblebee looked so far away in that moment, nearly happy again.

"What were their names?" Denny voiced hesitantly.

"Jack, Miko, and Rafael." Bee actually smiled. "Back then, my vocalizer didn't function correctly -another long story- but Raf could still understand me even though I spoke in beeps and chirps. He became my best friend. Jack and Arcee became very close along with Bulkhead and Miko." Bumblebee nodded, more to himself than his team.

"Why did you leave?" Russell asked quietly. "You seem to love it here. Why would you want to leave?"

"Optimus needed us back on Cybertron. We thought the war was over. He

needed all the help he could get to start life over, to call bots back to live there. Believe me; I really didn't want to go back. Everything I loved...it was here now. It was the hardest choice I've ever made: staying with my human family or going back with my Cybertronian one. I always promised myself though, that one day, I would come back."

"And here you are," Denny finished for him. Bee offered him a weak smile.

"How long had it been since you'd been on Earth?" Strongarm asked gently.

"Hard to say. Time works differently here than on Cybertron because our lifespans are longer and the rotation of our planet is longer," Bee answer as formally as he could.

"So what? Ten years or something?" Sideswipe chimed. Bumblebee silently counted on his digits.

"Seventy Earth years, give or take." Russell and Denny's mouths fell open.

"How long do you guys live?!" Russell demanded. Sideswipe chuckled.

"Oh, an eon or two," he said with a cheeky grin.

"C'mon guys, we better get moving if we want to make it back to base by morning." Everyone transformed back as Russell and Denny climbed back into Bee. They drove off into the sunset, no one saying a word.

A few weeks and a couple of brutal Decepticon attacks later, Bumblebee was washing up. He hosed himself down in the chilly water, getting some of the grim out from under his armor and in his gears. Oh how he wished for a hot, steamy oil bath. Those sure were relaxing - this worked just as well. Bee was pretty stressed out between tracking down Cons and trying to get his team to function like an actual time. He finally understood why having Wheeljack around always irritated Ultra Magnus - they spent so much time arguing that nothing ever actually got done (or went right for that matter).

He was interrupted from his thoughts by the soft padding of feet on dirt. Bumblebee turned the hose off and knelt down to Russell who had stopped a little ways away.

"Bee, are you busy?" He sounded a little nervous. Bee's wings twitched.

"Nope. Everything okay?"

"I wanna show you something. Can we go?" Bumblebee's interested peaked.

"Of course. Where are we going?" he asked as he transformed, opening his passenger door for him. Russell climbed in. The seatbelt instantly snapped around him.

"It's a surprise. Go north on west sixty-three towards the

interstate," Russell ordered. Bee was so curious he didn't question it. He turned on his radio, tuned to Russell's favorite station.

Bumblebee could feel Russell tapping his fingers against his seat. The sensation sent soft shivers up his spinal strut. It was such an interesting feeling that it gave him the shivers. Bee didn't say anything to him. The blue-eyed boy looked so lost in his own thoughts he didn't want to disturb him. Bumblebee drove on, waiting for further instructions.

After several quiet minutes, Russell told him to go west on interstate seventy-two. Bumblebee didn't understand. Why were they going away from Crown City? What was Russell leading him to?

Hours passed with minimal talking and a few soft sing-a-longs. Mostly Russell gazed out the window. Bee knew without looking it must be around noon now. The sun was so high in the sky, beating down on him like fire; the black strips attracting more heat than he would have liked. The sky was having one of those endless days where the flat land and the clear blue made it look like it stretched on forever, infinitely cloudless, bluer than the clearest lake. It was days like these Bee could almost picture him and Raf out at some overlook playing video games.

"Take the next exit," Russell announced suddenly, shattering Bee's thoughts for the second time that day. Bumblebee quickly merged over three lanes of traffic to make the exit. He would have gotten into an accident twice if he hadn't had such great sensors. Russell told him to turn left, right, go straight for three blocks, another left, third exit at the roundabout, etc. It was a neat place, Bee thought. All sorts of little shops up and down the main drag though the town.

"Where are we?" Bee finally asked.

"Lil' Lightnington," Russell responded plainly. "Turn right here and park." Bumblebee was extremely confused.

"Umm, Russell, this is a nursing home. This is what you really wanted to show me?" Russell got out.

"Just wait here, okay?" He went inside, leaving Bumblebee to his own devices. Russell, thankfully, wasn't long. Yet when he finally returned, he was accompanied by an old man. The man had long, pure white hair that stuck up everywhere and boxy red glasses. He was sporting an argyle sweater vest and old, but neat dress pants. Russell helped him settle down into a rocking chair before gesturing to Bumblebee to roll over. Cautiously, he did. Russell glanced around before speaking.

"This is Bumblebee," Russell stated to the elderly man. "Bee, this is Dr. Rafael Esquivel, professor computer science and quantum mechanics." The old man leaned forward, scooting the rocker so he could be closer to Bee. He stretched out a knotted, bony hand and rested it on his hood.

"I always knew you'd come back." His voice was frail, but sturdy, a soft smile on his cracked lips. Russell stepped away, walking to a little shop next door to give them some privacy.

Bumblebee was so choked up with emotion, he simply couldn't speak. He before him was his best friend, his companion. The last time he had seen him, Raf had just turned thirteen. Now he was an old, withering man. Bumblebee wished he could speak, but every time he tried, static laced his voice.

"You never had to speak for me to understand, Bee," Raf said easily, closing his eyes. Bumblebee knew just how accurate that statement was.

Finally, Bumblebee had found his voice.

"I wish I had come sooner... Raf, I'm so sorry..." Raf laughed softly.

"Please, don't be, Bee. You're here now. That's what matters. I get to see you... one last time. Jack used to be here too, you know. We all hoped you'd come to visit just once more. Miko passed in her late forties, being crazy as usual. She tried doon-bashing in a Hummer H2. Apparently the only reason she never died before was because Bulkhead knew what he was doing." Raf laughed again, quietly, wheezing a little. "She died happy, though. Going out with a bang, just like she always wanted. Jack, he and I were here together for seven years. Jack passed three summers ago. Since then, it's just been me, waiting."

Bumblebee had no idea what he could say.

"Thank you, Bumblebee, for one last adventure." With a soft, faded breath, Bumblebee felt Raf's hand fall from his hood, limp against his body. The smile was still on his face, remembering all their adventures together before passing on to another life.

With a heavy spark, Bumblebee pulled away, driving off a little ways so he could get a hold of himself before collecting Russell. He'd always known how short human lives were, but it wasn't until that moment that he realized how short it really was. Bumblebee hadn't been gone even a vorn, yet, on his return to Earth, he had to witness his best friend go from the small, bright, funny, slightly timid boy playing video games and hacking into Decepticon mainframes of his memories morph into the elderly, white-haired man with long bony fingers resting on the hood of his car.

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